THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 10, 1807.

ACCOUNT *of the learned* LEIBNITZ.

WHEN a great man appears, he soon surpasses in excellence those who surround him. The thousands who compare their own insignificance with his colossal height, complain that nature should strip a whole generation to form the mind of one. But nature is just; she distributes to each individual the necessary attainments by which he is enabled to fulfil the career assigned him. To a chosen few alone she reserves the privilege of possessing uncommon talents, and of enlightening mankind by their exertions. To one she lays open the means of explaining her phenomena; to another she assigns the task of framing and expounding the laws which controul his fellow-creatures; to a third it is given to pourtray the customs of nations, and describe the revolutions of empires: but each has generally pursued one track, and excelled only in one particular line. A man at length arose, who dared lay claim to universality, whose head combined invention with method, and who seemed born to shew, in their full extent, the powers of the human mind. That man was Leibnitz.

Godfrey-William, baron of Leibnitz, was born at Leipsic in 1646, and lost his father at a very early age. The education of great men will be found, in general, to be more simple than that of men of ordinary capacity. To these a guide is necessary; they receive no impression but what is given them by a master; they have no bias but the commands of a tutor, while the boy of genius requires only to be taught the first principles of art. The instinct of talent alone either leads him to the branch which nature has chalked out for him; or, like Leibnitz, he grasps at every science.

This is not the place to compare him with Newton, or to enter into the merits of the metaphysical disputes which so long kept these great men divided in opinion, without lessening the esteem each felt for the other. One or two anecdotes have been selected, indicative of the man, divested of his character as a philosopher. It has long been a complaint that men of great literary merit seldom meet with rewards proportionate to their talents. It is pleasing in some instances to find the assertion unfounded. The transcendent genius of Leibnitz early attracted and obtained the notice and patronage of sovereigns. He was born the subject of the duke of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England. From him he received honours and pensions, as also from the emperor of Germany; besides many flattering offers from the court and literary societies of France. His commerce of letters was universal, and extended to the learned and the scientific of every country. Superior to the common jealousy of authorship, he entered into every literary scheme; he furnished others with ideas; he animated their exertions, and stimulated their endeavours. His reading was prodigious, embracing every department; and it was with him a common observation, that there was no book however bad, but that something useful might be extracted from it. With all this, neither pedantry nor pride formed a part of his character.

He was familiar and affable with men of every description. He courted the society of women, and in their presence the philosopher was no longer seen. His temper was lively: easily roused into anger, but soon appeased.

He was of a robust constitution, and seldom incommoded with any illness, except the gout. His manner of living was singular. He always took his meals alone; and these never at stated hours, but just as it suited his appetite or his studies. After his first attack of the gout, his dinner consisted only of milk. But at supper he was a great eater. He seldom drank much, always mixing water with his wine. He would often sleep in his chair, and awake the next morning, as refreshed as if he had just risen from his bed. At the time of life when he studied most, he would be whole months in his apartment, without leaving it: a custom probably necessary for the completion of the work he had in hand, but certainly very injurious to his health. It accordingly subjected him to a disorder in his legs, which he determined to remedy in his own way, for he thought slightly of physicians. The consequence was that in the latter part of life he could scarcely walk, and spent much of his time in bed.

He died at Hanover, the 14th of November, 1716. In his last moments he expatiated on the method proposed by Furstenbach of transmuting iron into gold. When on the point of

of death, he called for paper and ink:—he wrote; but attempting to read what he had written, his eyes grew dim, and he expired at the age of seventy.

POSTCRIPT

TO

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

(Continued from Page 607.)

HAVING taken a dish of chocolate in bed, to enable her the better to go through the fatigue of rising, a loose dress thrown over her languid frame, enfeebled by the weight of affliction, that so heavily oppressed her mind, leaning on Fidget, she was *trailed* to her dressing-room, where tea and coffee stood ready for the morning's repast. Demanding if his lordship had deigned to make any enquiries concerning her, was informed by Fidget, that his honour, my lord, had been absent the whole day, and was but just returned; that Lord Woodly had come early to breakfast with him, and that they had gone out together. This account was but just ended, when his lordship's valet knocked, and delivered a sealed note at the door. The billet contained a polite enquiry from the earl respecting her health, and requesting she would make it convenient to receive him immediately, having business of importance to talk of, that would not admit of delay. The countess returned verbally, that she was much indisposed, and could not attend to any business, however important, that day.

We are sorry to have to apologise for a deficiency of manners in a man so elegantly bred as Lord Grandfield; but at this time he, most assuredly, forgot himself, and not only had the presumption to enter his wife's apartment without leave, but without rapping at the door. Fidget, who was folding up a point lappet, stood struck at so unaccountable a procedure, exhibiting a prototype of the statue of surprise, and it was not till his lordship, with a ruffled countenance, had sternly commanded her twice to quit the room, that she thought fit to obey.

The earl drew a chair, and seated himself on the opposite side of the table to her ladyship, who sat with her head reclined, and resting on her hand. The earl viewed her for some time; the variety of emotions he internally felt, and with which his manly breast throbbed with violent agitation, were

blended in his expressive countenance, where rage, resentment, love, and compassion, were all striving for the mastery. This her ladyship might have observed, had she looked that way, but she looked only at the fire, where her eyes appeared immoveably fixed, indicating the possessor to have taken a fit of the *sullens*.—His lordship was the first to break silence:

"I gave you, Madam, a few days since, a considerable sum for the discharge of bills you complained you was heavily pressed for?"

Her ladyship remained silent.

"Will you have the goodness to inform me whether those notes have been appropriated to purposes intended?"

Her ladyship remained silent.

"Will you say, if the money is still in your possession; if not, to what use has it been applied?"

Her ladyship remained silent.

"I came here, Lady Grandfield, in the hope of commanding my temper; but I see, with acute pain, that you are determined to provoke me to the utmost. But before you compel me to enforce an answer to the questions asked, I have another interrogatory that must be replied to with candour, and without the smallest prevarication. Did you, or did you not, lose three and twenty thousand pounds last night to Colonel O'Lurchem?"

Her ladyship remained silent.

"This trifling, or perverseness, which ever you please, will fall on your own head. I demand a categorical, and immediate answer to the question. 'Tis a husband asks it, and he will be obeyed."

Her ladyship, who had been summoning up all her spirit and resolution, in endeavouring to suppress her agitation, now forced a smile, and ironically replied—"By the tenderness and affectionate concern with which that simple interrogatory has been put, I suppose, after ten years marriage, your lordship has a mind to surprise me, by playing the gallant, and mean immediately to tender the sum, in order to enable me to liquidate the debt?"

"That is already done. The debt, Madam, is paid."

"My lord!" (much surprised.)

"My own honour, Madam, is the safeguard and protection of your's; that of the Countess Grandfield is not to be trusted to the machinations of a sharper, a notorious gambler, who, dead to all principle, is, in every respect, a villain."

The countess's bosom heaved with extreme agitation; the payment of such an enormous sum, so unexpected too, absolutely petrified her, nor was she capable of articulating a reply. His lordship thus proceeded:

"My

"My dear, and ever respected uncle, Lord Woodly, who proved himself last night your guardian angel, with the most affectionate concern, and sincere regret, informed me this morning of my misfortune; and, greatly to his own inconvenience, has enabled me to brave the threatening storm. Infatuated, unprincipled woman! will nothing less than my absolute ruin satisfy you? but I am talking to a *gamestress*, and words flowing with grief from this tortured heart are scattered like the autumn leaf before the wind! But I will still preserve myself, preserve my son, my darling boy! robbed of a mother's care, and almost of a mother's view!—Distracting thought!—I cannot bear it!—I must be more than man to bear it!" (rising from his chair, and pacing the room in great agitation.)

To do her ladyship justice, her heart was not quite so callous, not to feel something like maternal tenderness at the mention of her son; the monitor within compelled her to acknowledge the shameful neglect of her child, and she felt, for the moment, a pungent remorse: but as to other respects, his lordship was too severe. Was she more culpable than some other women of her rank and fortune? and assuming all the dignity of offended pride, indeed she called it offended *virtue*, said—"His lordship had put it out of her power to enter on a defence of her conduct, which she most undoubtedly meant to do, had he not thrown out insinuations respecting Colonel O'Lurch'em, no *modest* woman could put up with."

"*Modest* woman!—Oh Maria!" and he made a pause.—"There was a time when blushing modesty gave grace and brilliance to every fascinating feature; when truth and innocence illuminated the downcast eye, when timid bashfulness stole me from myself, and melted every fine sensation of the soul into tenderness and transport!

"Where is it now?—gone, irrecoverably gone—lost at a—*gaming-table*.

"Where too is that bloom of health, that animated like the rosy morn, ushering into splendour beauty's perfect day? Dimmed, overcast, and for ever set in clouds of night, at a—*gaming-table*.

"Where are my promised joys, my hopes of conjugal felicity?—Lost, irrevocably lost too, at a—*gaming-table*.

"With these a splendid fortune; and without exertion, I perceive, with heart-felt grief, *your* honour, *my* honour, and the honour of a noble house, will follow."

Her ladyship now rose, and paced the room, in extreme agitation, in her turn.

"I perceive, my lord, you are an admirable physician, having, with infinite dexterity and profound skill, removed the indisposition of the head, and fixed it deeply, too deeply, in the *heart*. I should have hoped at least, that regard to your own character

character as a gentleman, would have preserved the appearance of *manners*. I will not say because I am a woman, but ask you, is it because I am your *wife* I am thus insulted? There was a time, as your lordship has just observed, when an error (I own I have had some) would have been overlooked, but the object is now lessened in its value; ten years possession has obliterated an affection, I flattered myself, would have been permanent."

"Madam—Madam, this is not a time for compliment, when reason calls for action. If you have lost any part of my fond affection, impute it to its proper cause—Your own folly and extravagance, repeatedly wounding a love, it is evident, you have not thought worth preserving.

"You again compel me to assert there *was* a time, indeed a time—a *bridal day*—when my esteemed and valued friend, your worthy father, led you, decked in white-robed innocence, and blushing modesty, and gave you to my longing arms. When I would not have exchanged my bliss to have been emperor of the world! when I hoped a beating virgin heart was all my own; when dear loved friends partook my joy—when rapture crowned the day, and extacy the night! Ah! how dearly purchased has been a short-lived pleasure! How corroding the barbed arrow of disappointment!

"But I have still a son; he braces me with fortitude, and spurs me on to act now the father and the man. Doubling my attention and care, having *but* one. There, too, you have impiously dared to counteract the will divine! whose goodness meant to soften the pains of age, in that source of nuptial comfort, a lovely issue, where the beauties of their much-loved mother would have bloomed anew. But now all hope is dead, all comfort left me. Vice and dissipation, abortive to every earthly good, stamps the mother with the worst of crimes—the murderess of her own offspring; and in the wife, the murderess of a husband's peace!"

Passion was now rising so high in her ladyship's bosom, to be nearly approaching to fury, which she feared could not be easily suppressed; and therefore informed his lordship, with a countenance crimsoned with rage and resentment, that as it was impossible they could agree in sentiment, she wished to be alone.

"My business, Madam, is now nearly at an end. Having done me the honour to transfer my property into the hands of Colonel O'Lurchem, a sum you well knew I could very ill spare, I must prepare to meet those debts, that sum would have liquidated, and for which purpose it was intended; as I cannot let an honest tradesman suffer for the folly of an incorrigible woman; I therefore request their bills be placed on my breakfast-table in the morning. I also give you three days to take

leave

leave of your friends, and prepare for a journey to Grandfield-hall, from whence, to this vile town, you never more shall return. The travelling coach will be at the door the fourth morning from this, and I shall expect you ready to obey my will."

"Your lordship may be as commanding as you please, but I am not now an infant, to be led by a string; nor will I, on any consideration, go into the country, and so your lordship will find."

"And your ladyship shall find all resistance vain. Prepare to obey me, or, by Heavens! you shall be compelled." And with this menace, quitted the room.

The countess was thunderstruck! she had never known him so determined before. She considered herself, too, extremely ill used; he had not treated her with common decency of manners. It was true she had lost a very large sum, and if he could not afford it, it was not her fault; it was not to be expected she should involve herself with accounts. Something must be done, and that immediately; for to be buried alive in the country was impossible, nor would she submit, let what would be the consequence.

(To be continued)

Authentic Particulars of the Fall of Mount Ruffi or Ruffiberg, in Switzerland, together with Observations on the Causes and Consequences of that disastrous Event.

(Concluded from Page 612.)

THERE are still seen on Ruffiberg, along the western border of the fallen parts, some scattered houses which have almost miraculously escaped the destruction. The houses, excepting one at Spitzbuhl, have not been abandoned since the catastrophe, notwithstanding the injunction of government to that purpose; but the inhabitants reside, with the remainder of their flocks, in perfect security.

The separated part, in covering three fourths of the valley of Arth, and in despoiling this space of every trace of vegetation, has not spread its ruins in an uniform manner. The largest blocks of blend have formed, in the direction of the current of the fallen part, a little hill that blocks up the valley quite across. This little hill is divided into two prongs at its extremity towards Mount Rigi, and it is conjectured that its summit is 200 feet above the ancient level of the valley. The rocks which compose the elevation diminish in number and size, the further they are from the line of impulse. The lower parts of the

ruins, particularly on the east side, almost entirely consist of clay, and of yellow, grey, and black marl: this marl has a black tinge in the part heaped on the lake of Lowertz, and its neighbourhood, because the soil, naturally mossy in this place, was furrowed and thrown up by the large blocks of stone which are buried there.

Most of the rivulets which descend from Rigi and Ruffiberg emptied themselves into the lake Lowertz before the fall of Ruffiberg; but, as they are stopped by its ruins, and lost in the insterstices, they again flow back on the land, and here and there form ponds. People have attempted to give them an outlet, especially on the side of the lake Lowertz, which empties itself by its western extremity into the lake of Lucerne. The lake of Zug has no communication with it, but flows on the side of the town of the same name, with a direction and fall almost contrary to that of the late Lowertz.

Some fears were at first entertained that these rivulets would not direct their waters towards Arth or Zug, or any new course, and that they would overflow the countries, but there is nothing at present to justify such alarms. The lake of Zug has not changed its level. Saven, a stream that empties the lake Lowertz, contains neither more nor less water than before the dissolution, and the ponds are not sensibly increased although much rain has fallen.

Arth, situated on the western extremity of the valley, has suffered no injury. The first village destroyed between Arth and Lowertz is Goldau, next Hueloch, and then Bussingen; both these are entirely buried; and lastly, at the eastern extremity of the valley, the village of Lowertz, which has lost more than two thirds of its buildings.

Goldau is buried more than one hundred feet below the hillock formed by the event. The inhabitants were crushed by enormous rocks, and their lives terminated in an instant. But Lowertz, which is not totally destroyed, and in a great measure received only the softened clay from the borders of the fallen part, presented a much more distressing scene. The space which this village occupies, and all its vicinity, present the image of an agitated sea. Here and there are perceived on its surface the beams of ruined houses, and the branches and roots of trees thrown down; a cadaverous smell for a long time was every where perceived; the remaining inhabitants, with countenances melancholy and bewildered, were, when M. Saussure was present, busily engaged in searching for and guarding the remnants that had escaped from this species of shipwreck. It was there, probably, that many of the inhabitants thus buried, wished for the arrival of death, like that of a friend, and had to prolong a wretched existence in a living tomb.

"I passed (says M. S.) two days in these devastated places, and traced them in various directions. I was prepared to attend to the solicitations of the wretched, who were truly entitled to seek of a stranger some consolation to their misery. I was mistaken in this expectation. Not an individual demanded charity, and it was only on my interrogations that they related their misfortunes."

The account from another intelligent observer is as follows: "It was about a week after the fall of the mountain that our route through Switzerland led us to visit this scene of desolation; and never can I forget the succession of melancholy views which presented themselves to our curiosity. In our way to it we landed at Arth, a town situated at the southern extremity of the lake of Zug; and we skirted along the eastern boundary of the ruins, by the side of Mount Rigi, towards the lake of Lowertz. From various points on our passage we had complete views of such a scene of destruction as no words can adequately describe."

Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth and stones, bristled with the shattered part of wooden cottages, and with thousands of heavy trees torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and tear in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills, broken in pieces by huge rocks separated from the top of the mountain, which were even carried high up the opposite side of the Rigi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of prey, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hovering all over the valley. But the general impression made on us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected too with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive, buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labours of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood.

As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, bearing a countenance ghastly with woe, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavouring to clear away. A little further on we came to an elevated spot which over-looked the whole scene. Here we found a painter, seated on a rock, and busy in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favourable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Ruffiberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled

with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished, but the tower yet stood, and the ruins shattered, but not thrown down. The figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miserable peasants, left to grope among the wrecks of their village. The fore ground of the picture was a wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, relieved by the shattered roof of a neighbouring cottage. On the left hand spread the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which yet stands the pleasant village of Arth, almost in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Rigi, toward the half-buried village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who was a spectator to the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of earth rushing towards his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door. What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labours of some of the survivors who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with a plain pine cross, shewed where a few of the wretched victims of this catastrophe had just been interred.

Our course lay along the borders of the enchanting lake of Lowertz. The appearance of the slopes on the eastern and southern sides told us what the valley of Goldau was a few days since; smiling with varied vegetation, gay with villages and cottages, and bright with promises of autumnal plenty. The shores of this lake were covered with ruins of huts, with furniture and clothes, which the vasts well of its waters had lodged on the banks. As we were walking mournfully along toward Schwitz, we met with the dead body of a woman which had been just found. It was stretched out on a board, and barely covered with a white cloth. Two men, preceded by a priest, were carrying it to a more decent burial. We hoped that this sight would have concluded the horrors of this day's scenery, and that we should soon escape from every painful vestige of the calamity of Schwitz. But we continued to find relics of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of the lake; and a little above the two islands before-mentioned, we saw, lying on the shore, the stiff body of a peasant, which had been washed up by the waves, and which two men were examining, to ascertain the place he belonged to. Our guide instantly knew it to be the body of one of the inhabitants of Goldau.

If we had not been detained at Strasburgh, waiting for passports for ten days, we should have been in Switzerland on the 3d of September, probably in the vicinity of the lake of Lowertz; perhaps under the ruins of Goldau. Several travellers,

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or rather strangers, have been destroyed; but whether they were there on business, or for pleasure, I know not. Among them are several respectable inhabitants of Berne; and a young lady of fine accomplishments and amiable character, whose loss is much lamented.

The following is a tolerably exact account of the loss sustained:

484 Individuals—dead.
170 Cows and horses—dead.
103 Goats and sheep—dead.
87 Meadows entirely destroyed.
60 Meadows damaged.
95 Houses entirely destroyed.
8 Houses damaged and uninhabitable.
166 Cowhouses, barns or stables, entirely destroyed.
19 Cowhouses, barns or stables, damaged.

The total damage is estimated, at least, at 120,000l. sterling.

LONDON *and* PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1807,

As described and represented by Prints in La Belle Assemblee, or, Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine, for the present Month.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

KENSINGTON-GARDEN DRESSES.

No. 1.

A Plain cambric round dress, a walking length. Roman spencer of celestial blue sarsnet, with vandyke lappels and falling collar; finished with the same round the bottom of the waist, and flowing open in front of the bosom. A village hat of imperial chip, with bee-hive crown, confined under the chin with ribbon the colour of the spencer. Cropped air, divided in the centre of the forehead, with full curls. Gloves and shoes of lemon-coloured kid. Parasol of salmon-coloured sarsnet.

No. 2.

Round train dress of India muslin, with short sleeves, ornamented round the bottom and sleeves with a rich border of needle-work. Promenade tippet of Brussels lace, lined with white satin. Hat of white chip, or fancy cap of lilac satin, with a Brussels lace veil. Hair confined in braids over the

right temple, and formed in loose curls on the opposite side. Gold hoop ear-rings. Gloves and slippers of lilac kid.

LONDON WALKING-DRESSES.

No. 3.

A French jacket and petticoat of Indian muslin, finished at the extreme edge in vandyke, and beadings of embroidery. Plain short sleeve; frock bosom, confined at each corner of the bust, where the jacket falls in easy lappels. Full frill of French net round the back and shoulders. Brunswick bonnet of pale jonquil sarsnet, ornamented with a wreath of similar flowers. Hair a waved crop; oval hoop ear-rings; York tan gloves; shoes of jonquille kid; parasol of white lavender blossom.

No. 4.

A plain round gown of the finest cambric, with gored bosom, and slashed sleeves. Lace tucker, with shell-scolloped edge. Robe pelice of jaconot muslin, bordered all round with needle-work and vandyke. A gipsy hat of satin straw, with edge *à-la chevaux de-frise* tied across the crown, and under the chin, with a handkerchief of Paris net, or coloured sarsnet. Bosom of the gown confined with a bow of ribbon to correspond. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes. Parasol of shaded green sarsnet.

To the EDITOR of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Thoughts on what are called the Blue Devils.

GIVE me leave, Sir, to ask you a question; "Were you ever troubled with the blue devils?" *Never*, I'm sure; or, at least, only a little so, like the rest of our sedate countrymen, during the dreary month of November,

> ——————When vital heat,
> Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake,
> And all the vapory turbulence of Heaven
> Involve the face of things.

You, my good Sir, are too busily employed in preparing amusement for others, to feel any deficiency of it yourself; and, like the provident husbandman, you inhale health and vigour from the broken glebe, whilst toiling for the benefit of your fellow-creatures; and whilst I, and a thousand other such wretched wights, recline in inactive misery, on the thorny couch of slothfulness.

I would readily, Sir, give you a particular account of the mental malady under which I labour, but, as the old song says, "How imperfect is expression!" I think I may defy the most poetical genius to delineate its horrors, to explore the dark and intricate caverns where the monster reigns. A slight sketch of it must therefore content you, and imperfect as it may be, I have no doubt of claiming your sincere commiseration.

In the first place, I always awake in the morning with a strong presentiment of being extremely ill the whole day; and such is the force of imagination, that I frequently experience the truth of my conjectures. There is never a complaint spoken of in my presence but I evidently feel its symptoms, so that, in the course of a morning, I am tortured with the complicated evils of fever, ague, dropsy, gout, consumption, &c. &c. &c. A few days ago, I thought my left leg and thigh were made of a cabbage-stump, and so forcible was the delusion, that I limped away to bed like a wounded veteran. Some one, I recollect, highly recommended a *horsewhip* as a sovereign remedy in such cases; but, I fear, were it actually applied, I should most *feelingly* differ in opinion.

At other times my head appears as large as a cask, or (as the wits will have it) a *hogshead;* and to fancy myself a boiling kettle, or a bottle of brown stout, are trifles not worth mentioning; and, to add to my calamity, there is always some apparent danger attached to these metamorphoses. For instance: if I'm a tea-kettle, I am afraid of pouring the hot water on my legs; and if a bottle, the cork seems so strongly wired, and the porter so frisky, that I'm like a traveller in a drenched pair of tight buckskins, and pathetically exclaim, with the fair lady that drank two and twenty cups of tea—"Bursting, by gor." Frequently, if I feel fatigued in the course of a rural excursion, and find a delightful hillock, where fragrant flowers and interwoven moss invite repose, 'tis ten to one but that I fancy my lower extremities are made of *glass*, and consequently dare not *sit down*, lest I demolish my *crystal rotundity*. Various other whims of a similar nature have occasionally annoyed me, but those I have mentioned must suffice to gratify your present curiosity; in some future epistle I may possibly be more prolix.

Well, Sir, after spending a day in this *Proteau* variety, I fancy you congratulate me on the welcome approach of night, conceiving, perhaps, that the sweet balm of forgetfulness will alleviate my sufferings, and terminate my inquietude; but, alas! a far different fate awaits me. No sooner does Somnus strew his poppies on my couch, than his faithful minister Morpheus makes his appearance, attended by a petrifying phalanx of sheeted spectres and terrific demons. But *here*, Sir, all description fails, and I must leave my torments to the conceptions

of

of those who have experienced the horrors of the malady in question.

Notwithstanding my calamity, I find the generality of people more disposed to laugh at than pity me; but had they the acute discernment and admirable sensibility of the prince of modern poets (Cowper) they would embalm the remembrance of my sufferings with the tears of tender compassion. Numberless remedies have been recommended me, and amongst the rest, a good friend of mine has presented me with the following:

"An infallible recipe for lowness of spirits."

"Take an ounce of spirit of resolution, properly mixed with the good oil of conscience; infuse into it a large spoonful of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant, called *others woes*, which you will find in every part of the garden of life, under the broad leaves of disguise; some drops of this will very much assist the salts of patience in their operation. Gather a handful of the blossoms of hope, sweeten these properly with the balm of providence. If you can procure any of the genuine cordial of true friendship you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered; but take care of a counterfeit kind, which is very common, and entirely different in its nature, though much alike in appearance, and whose proper name is self-interest. A small quantity of this poisonous plant is sufficient to spoil the whole composition. Make these ingredients into pills of comfort; take one every night as you lie down to rest, and as soon as you awake in the morning."

In this recipe true friendship is the ingredient chiefly recommended, and of *this* I certainly possess an ample supply; and I have my share of *foes* also, but they are too insignificant to give me uneasiness; they are, my good Sir, a set of *cur-like* reptiles that snarl at my heels, but dare not bite. They are aware of my dexterity at a stanza, and wisely keep Pope's memento before their eyes:

"Who e'er offends at some unlucky time
"Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme."

They, perhaps, when I am past the verge of mortality, may not attend to the following line:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

But I have no doubt, that many a weeping friend will exclaim,

"Beside the turf that wraps thy clay,
"Shall kindred memory fondly wake,

"And

" And, deaf to all thy foes can say,
" Shall love thee for the muse's sake."

COURTIER.

But this is a strange digression from the original subject of my epistle; pray excuse it, and accept the best wishes of

Your most obedient and obliged
MATT. MEGRIM.

P. S. I have much more to say on this subject, with which I fully intended to have enlarged this letter; but as I was copying Mr. Courtier's stanza, my whole epistle appeared in *Greek* characters, and so it seems still. Yes, Sir, I have looked, and looked again—'tis every syllable *Greek*. But I'm resolved to forward it to Sherborne, begging you will give your readers a literal translation.

M. M.

Mr. Cumberland's Account of the first Performance of his Play of " The West Indian."

THE production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than, from its frequency, it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession before that of its representation; yet, in this interval, I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture that hung over his chimney-piece, in Southampton-street, and was only a copy of a " Holy Family" of Andrea del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from Lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

A rumour had gone about, that the character which gave its title to the comedy was satirical; of course, the gentlemen who came under that description, went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sat with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue-speaker had gone the length of the four first lines, the tumult was excessive; and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was much agitated. He observed to me, that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened, that I did not at that moment feel the danger which he seemed to apprehend; and I remarked to him that the very first word which discovered Belcour's character to be

friendly would turn the clamour for us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again; and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard, they seemed reconciled to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect—

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence, however, was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn: but when the prologue came to touch upon the major, and told his countrymen in the galleries, that

—"His heart can never trip"—

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else but stage-kicks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us we had not indeed 'little cherubs,' but lusty champions, 'who sat up aloft.'

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy, there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which it was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of "The West Indian" is not quite unexceptionable; neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured. The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth in the right place; I do not think I am very vain, when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house, upon the author's nights, was then only 60l. I sold the copyright to Griffin, in Catherine-street, for 150l. and if he told the truth, when he boasted of having vended 12,000 copies, he did not make a bad bargain; and if he made a good one, which it is pretty clear he did, it is not quite so clear that he deserved it: he was a sorry fellow! I paid respectful attention to all the floating criticisms that came within my reach, but I found no opportunities of profiting by their remarks, and very little cause to complain of their personalities; in short, I had more praise than I merited, and less cavilling than I expected.

DE-

DECORATED SHIPS.

IN our old poetry and romances we frequently read of ships superbly decorated. This was taken from real life. Froissart, speaking of the French fleet in 1387, prepared for the invasion of England in the reign of Richard the Second, says, that the ships were painted from top to bottom, glittering with gold. The ship of Lord Gay, of Tremoyll, was so sumptously garnished, that the painting and colours cost 2000 French franks, more than 222 pounds of English currency at that time (see Grafton's Chron. p. 364.

At his second expedition into France, in 1417, King Henry the Fifth was in a ship whose sails were of purple silk, most richly embroidered with gold (Speed's Chron. b. ix. p. 636. edit. 1611.) Many other instances might be brought from ancient miniatures and illuminations.

PRECAUTIONS *in* CASE *of* FIRE.

IT is recommended to every master or mistress of a family to accustom themselves to arrange and secure their effects in such a manner, that in case of sudden alarm, their lives and valuables might be better preserved from the ravages of fire. How many lives might have been saved by the precaution of sleeping in rooms which are favourable to escape in such an emergency as is produced by fire, by the aid of a rope, or the alarm of a rattle; and by keeping the window free from the blockade of chairs, tables, flower-pots, &c.

A window is generally preferable to any other part to escape from, when the danger is pressing, because from this part of the house we are conveyed at once into the street; but, in case of midnight alarm by fire, by the time lost in attempts to unlock and unbolt doors, to descend stairs, and pass through passages; we may fairly conclude many a person has died the most terrible of all deaths! A leap from a window is often preferable to the more certain destruction by suffocation and fire.

A QUESTION, *by W. Gregory, of Tamerton Folliott.*

THE area of a rectangular garden is 1 acre and 32 perches, and the ratio of the longest side to the diagonal (in poles) is as 4 to 5. From this data it is required to determine the width of a walk which shall completely surround the garden, and be of equal breadth in every part, so that it take up one-fifth of a rood.

Answer, by J. Woodman, North Curry, to R. Trewavas's Rebus, inserted June 15.

THE initials, when once join'd aright,
Brought learned FLETCHER's name to sight.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. of Bristol; J. Ryan; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Badcock, and R. Pentreath, of Mousehole; Walter, of the Plymouth volunteers; S. D. and G. A Arden, of South Petherton; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; and H. Easter, of Poole.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to R. Trewavas's Enigma, inserted June 15.

A CANNON, or great gun, no doubt,
Will make, Sir your enigma out.

*** Similar anwers have been also received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; H. Easter, of Poole; a private of the Meneage volunteers; J. Ryan, Stonehouse; T. Wyatt, R. Loosmore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. A Dyer, of Taunton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; Walter of Plymouth; G. F. A. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; Corporal Colley, of the St. German's volunteers; H. Ellis, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Badcock, and R. Pentreath, of Mousehole; J. Whitnell, of Street; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A REBUS, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

A Low noise, or deception, my first signifies;
And two-thirds of misfortune my second implies;
Next one-third of a liquid you'll deign to select;
And one-half of a novice my next will detect:
My whole as a virtue inhabits the breast,
And crowns them with honour by whom its posess'd.

A CHARADE, *by J. Joyce, of Tiverton.*

LO! at my first the lad and lass
Attempt each other to surpass
In harmless recreations;
And in my verdant next, perchance,
We may behold them nimbly dance,
Unmindful of vexations.

These simple parts explore, and then
Peruse a work from Goldsmith's pen,
Which has much credit gain'd;
When you the dwelling-place have got
Of the fam'd hero of the plot,
My whole will be explain'd.

☞ *The lines from Portsmouth on the late dreadful fire at Chudleigh, and other subjects, are so very indifferent, that we are under the necessity of rejecting them.*

† *The "Lines addressed to a perjured Villain" are highly improper.*

†*† *Acrostics are considered as unfit for insertion, as the persons on whose names they are made might be offended with the liberty taken with them.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The UNFORTUNATE WEDDING.

WHEN Doll and myself on a wedding agreed
We resolved to proceed without trouble,
So mounting at once a poor wind-broken steed
We jovially rode away double.

Tho' Dobbin was old, and could see not a pace,
A hunter he always was reckon'd,
And as we disputed his claim to that race,
He cleared up our doubts in a second.

For the musical horn he impatiently hears,
As the hounds hunted over the level,
When snorting, and wincing, and cocking his ears,
He galloped away like a devil.

In vain Doll implor'd me his progress to stop;
She swore she should fall in a minute:
And 'twas true—for we chanc'd on a river to pop,
And souse went my poor Dolly in it.

But Dobbin (confound him) still quicken'd his pace,
In spite of my tugging and clouting,
'Till his old shrivell'd carcase appear'd in the chase,
And set all the gentry a shouting.

Tallyho, Tallyho, was re-echoed about,
And still the loud bugle kept blowing;
But Dobbin soon put all their worships to rout,
For he could not see where he was going.

First he ran down a peer, then a justice o'erset,
And a squire in a mudpool lay sprawling;
'Till collecting their forces, my sides they beset,
And Dobbin received a good mauling.

At last thro' a different channel we strike,
And at home both lamented his folly;
I know not, indeed, what my carcase was like,
But like a drown'd rat was my Dolly.

AQUARIUS.

ODE *to the* SWALLOW.

[From Mrs, Charlotte Smith's Poems.]

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding: and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow too is come at last;
Just at sun-set, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd,

Come,

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric does the sultry gale
Thro' spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale?
Dwells there a time, the wandering rail,
Or the itinerant dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate?
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would enquire how journeying long,
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, tho' none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake;
And tells that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food,
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And crouding on the pliant bough,
Sing in the dimpling flood.

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and ouzy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love!

Alas! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where nature draws;
Let baffled science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone,
By HIM who gives her laws.